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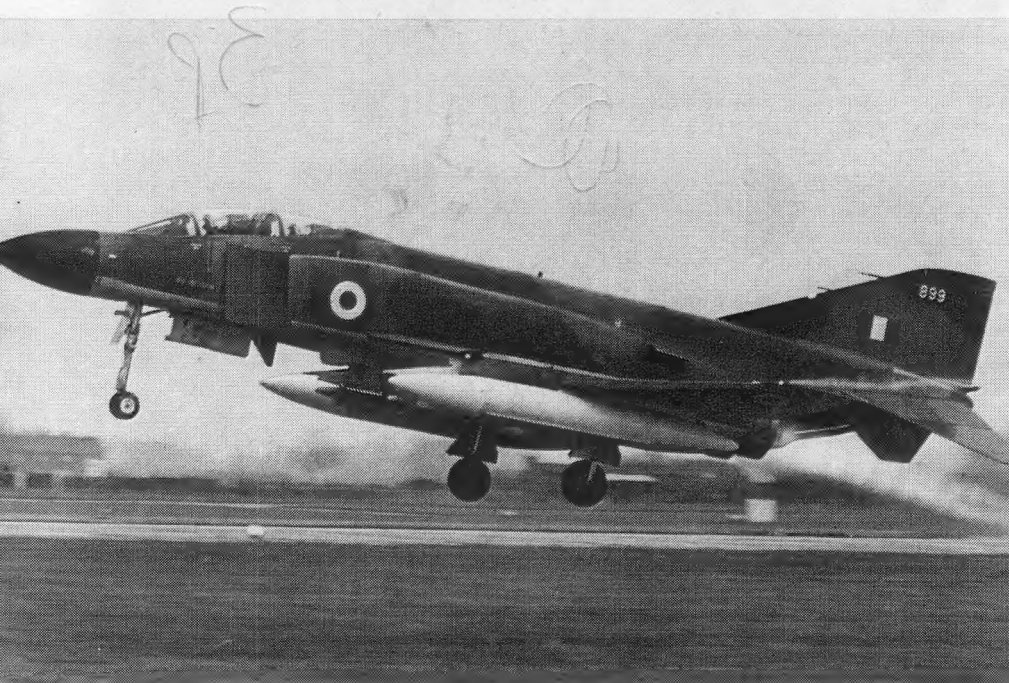
Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES

MISSION OF NO RETURN

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MASTERS OF THE SKY



FAST, rugged and powerful, the McDonnell Phantom is currently in service with the United States Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps, as well as our own R.A.F. and Royal Navy. Despite its small size — it's only 58 feet 3 inches long — the Phantom can carry up to 16,000 lb. of guided missiles, bombs, or rockets. That's more than a massive World War II Liberator bomber could carry.

Phantoms of the Royal Navy distinguished themselves by winning the 1969 Transatlantic Air Race, but this isn't their only claim to fame. On November 22, 1961, a U.S.A.F. Phantom set up a record speed of 1606.48 m.p.h.

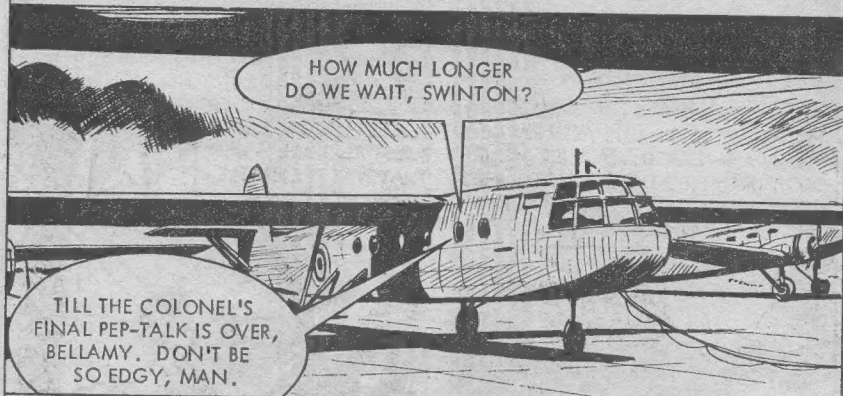
MISSION OF NO RETURN

THE SKY WAS WHITE WITH PARACHUTES...LIKE SNOWFLAKES IN A BLIZZARD...A BLIZZARD OF HEROES, AND ALL DROPPING INTO THE RED-HOT INFERNO THAT WAS THE BATTLE OF ARNHEM. MANY HAD ABOUT AS MUCH CHANCE AS A SNOWFLAKE OF SURVIVING...



...SOME WHO DID SURVIVE ENDED BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE OF THE WORST PRISON CAMP IN GERMANY. BUT THEY WERE STILL DANGEROUS MEN, AND THEIR COMING WAS TO BE THE MOST CATASTROPHIC EVENT EVER TO HAPPEN IN THE LIFE OF THE CAMP'S BRUTAL COMMANDANT, WOLFGANG VON KIEL.

ON A LINCOLNSHIRE AIRSTRIp MEN OF A BRITISH GLIDER-BORNE UNIT WAITED WITH TAUT NERVES AND POUNDING HEARTS. SOME WERE SEASONED CAMPAIGNERS, SOME WERE UNBLOODED, BUT ALL WERE KEYED UP.



IT WAS SEPTEMBER 17, 1944. OPERATION "MARKET GARDEN" WAS ABOUT TO BE LAUNCHED — A PEACEFUL-SOUNDING NAME FOR A DESPERATE AND DEADLY CLASH.

TENSION BEFORE A BAPTISM OF FIRE AFFECTS MEN IN DIFFERENT WAYS. IT MADE PRIVATE BUTCH BELLAMY MORE SHORT-TEMPERED THAN USUAL.

SQUEEZED UP LIKE SARDINES. GIMME MORE ELBOW-ROOM, JOHNSON!

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT ON THIS TRIP? A FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT TO YOURSELF?

NOBODY LIKED BELLAMY WHO WAS ALWAYS THROWING HIS WEIGHT ABOUT.

WANT A THICK EAR, JOHNSON? THERE ISN'T A BLOKE HERE I COULDN'T LICK EASY.

BELLAMY'S SECTION LEADER, CORPORAL ROY SWINTON, BROKE IN.

IF YOU'RE AS KEEN TO FIGHT JERRY AS YOU ARE TO FIGHT YOUR MATES, BELLAMY, YOU SHOULD GET A V.C.

THE BIG FELLOW SWUNG HIS BULLET HEAD TOWARDS ROY AND GLOWERED.

JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE A COUPLE OF TAPES UP...

PAY ATTENTION, MEN. LIEUTENANT BARCLAY HAS A FEW WORDS TO SAY BEFORE TAKE-OFF.

BARCLAY WAS IN COMMAND OF THE MEN IN THAT GLIDER. HE MADE A CRISP AND CHEERFUL SPEECH, TO WHICH ALL BUT BUTCH LISTENED RESPECTFULLY.

TODAY I'M TWENTY-ONE. IN YEARS TO COME I EXPECT TO REMEMBER IT BY A FAMOUS VICTORY THIS PLATOON HELPED WIN. A VICTORY THAT'LL SHORTEN THE WAR BY MONTHS.

HE'S BLOOMING SURE HE'S GOING TO LIVE.

KEEP QUIET.

MINUTES LATER THEY TOOK OFF.

A FEW HOURS FROM NOW WE'LL BE LESS THAN TWELVE MILES FROM THE GERMAN FRONTIER. IT'S UP TO US TO KEEP JERRY ON THE HOP FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TO LET THE BRITISH ARMY BASH UP THROUGH HOLLAND AND RELIEVE US.

IF ALL GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN. MEANTIME — ARNHEM, HERE WE COME.

THE DUTCH TOWN OF ARNHEM HAD BEEN IN GERMAN HANDS FOR OVER FOUR YEARS AND ONE NAZI OFFICER, COLONEL WOLFGANG VON KIEL, WAS LEAVING THE AREA.

A black and white comic panel showing Colonel Wolfgang von Kiel, a Nazi officer in uniform with a swastika on his collar, driving a car. He is looking out the window at a Dutch town with a windmill. A speech bubble from him says: "IT'LL BE GOOD TO CROSS THE FATHERLAND'S FRONTIER AGAIN. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THOSE DUTCH PIGS."

IT'LL BE GOOD TO CROSS
THE FATHERLAND'S FRONTIER AGAIN.
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THOSE
DUTCH PIGS.

AND THE DUTCH PIGS HAVE
HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH OF
CHIEF SECURITY OFFICER, WOLFGANG
VON KIEL. HE'S BUMPED OFF
HUNDREDS OF CIVILIANS.

THE CHAUFFEUR WAS STILL DEEP IN
THOUGHT, BUT THE FANATICAL NAZI
GAZED OPEN-MOUTHED AT THE SKY
AS THE FIRST OF THE INVADERS
APPEARED.

NOW HE'S BEEN APPOINTED
KOMMANDANT OF P.O.W. CAMP
THIRTEEN. IT'S HARD LUCK ON THE
PRISONERS — AND THE GUARDS.

A black and white comic panel showing a Nazi officer in uniform looking up in shock at the sky. In the background, several paratroopers are seen falling from the sky. A speech bubble from him says: "MEIN GOTT — ENEMY PARATROOPERS! GET ME AWAY FROM HERE, SCHNELL!"

MEIN GOTT — ENEMY
PARATROOPERS! GET ME AWAY
FROM HERE, SCHNELL!

VON KIEL'S CAR SPED EASTWARD. THE DUST IT RAISED HAD LONG SETTLED WHEN GLIDER-BORNE FORCES FOLLOWED THE PARATROOPERS.



THE COCKPIT WAS SMASHED AND THE GLIDER DIVED STEEPLY. THE DYING PILOT BROUGHT UP THE NOSE, BUT IT STILL PRANGED HEAVILY.



BUT DESPITE THE SHATTERING IMPACT MEN STRUGGLED ALIVE FROM THE WRECKAGE.

I WAS WRONG. BUT
NONE OF THEM WILL WALK
FAR.



AND THE GERMAN MACHINE GUNNER SWUNG THE BARREL ROUND AND ADJUSTED HIS SIGHTS.

TEN MEN SURVIVED THE CRASH — THOUGH ONE OF THEM ONLY OUTLIVED IT BY A FEW SECONDS.

AAAAH!



THE OTHERS FLATTENED OUT, NONE FASTER THAN BELLAMY. ROY NOTICED THAT.

HE WAS DOWN IN A FLASH. I CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR THAT, BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK TOO KEEN ON GETTING UP TO FIGHT.



IT WASN'T EASY TO HIT BACK, BUT ROY HAD AN IDEA.

USE THAT PIAT, BELLAMY.

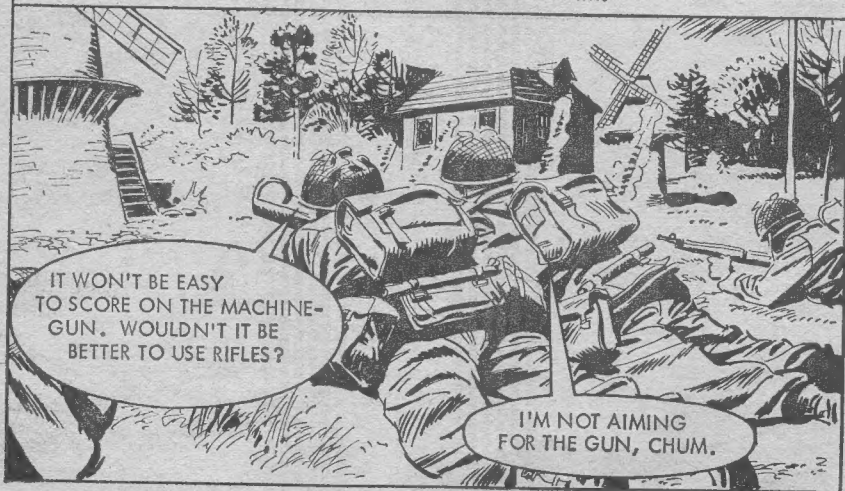
USE IT YOURSELF. I AIN'T MOVING.



ROY SWALLOWED HIS ANGER. THIS WAS NOT THE TIME NOR THE PLACE FOR IT. HE GRABBED THE PIAT, AND JOHNSON LOADED FOR HIM.

IT WON'T BE EASY TO SCORE ON THE MACHINE-GUN. WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO USE RIFLES?

I'M NOT AIMING FOR THE GUN, CHUM.



ROY'S TARGET WAS THE WINDMILL. THE BOMB BLASTED INTO IT, CAUSING GREAT DAMAGE.



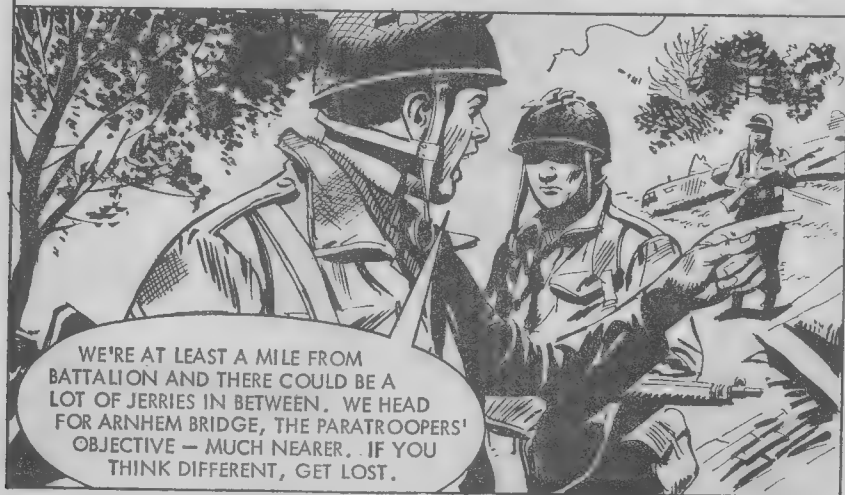
THE SPANDAU MACHINE-GUN WAS SILENCED UNDER A MASS OF RUBBLE.



SECONDS LATER THEY WERE READY TO MOVE — ALL EXCEPT BELLAMY.



ROY BARKED AN ANSWER TO THIS PROTEST. HE HAD JUST ABOUT HAD HIS FILL OF BELLAMY.



BELLAMY SAW THE SENSE OF ROY'S REASONING. HE RAN AFTER THE CORPORAL AND SOON CAUGHT UP.

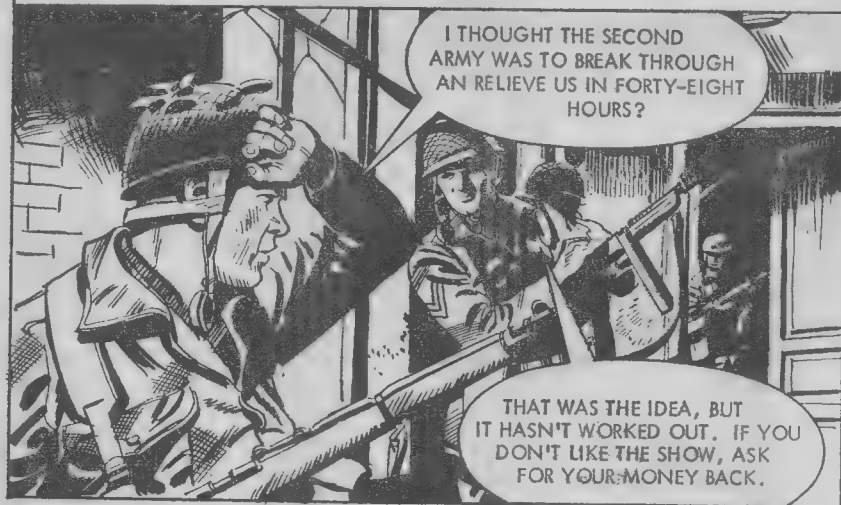


MOST OF THE LADS IN THE BATTALION WERE KEEN ON THE SAME GAME. ROY WAS NO EXCEPTION.

THEY BROKE THROUGH A BELT OF THICKETS AND SAW ARNHEM AND ITS BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER RHINE.



THERE WAS BITTER FIGHTING FOR THAT BRIDGE IN THE DAYS WHICH ENSUED, AND ROY AND HIS COMRADES PLAYED THEIR PART.



BUTCH DIDN'T FLARE UP AT ROY'S SARCASM. ACTION HAD TAKEN THE BOUNCE AND BLUSTER OUT OF HIM.



IT WAS GERMAN ARMOUR. PARATROOPERS IN OTHER HOUSES DEALT WITH MOST OF THEM, BUT ONE CROSSED THE BRIDGE.



ROY WAITED UNTIL A MISS WAS IMPOSSIBLE.



ALTHOUGH OUT OF CONTROL, THE ARMoured CAR CAME ON, RAMMING THE HOUSE.



LUCKILY IT JARRED TO A HALT. ITS CREW WERE LIFTED OUT, ALL CASUALTIES.



YOU'RE WELL OUT OF IT, FRITZ. PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE SNUG IN A HOSPITAL BED.

THAT BIG OX SOUNDS QUITE GENTLE. MAYBE HE'S NOT SUCH A BAD BLOKE.

BUT BUTCH'S GENTLENESS WAS SHORT-LIVED. HE WAS SOON BACK TO A MOOD OF SULLEN DISCONTENT.



JERRY INFANTRY MOVING IN. HOW LONG ARE WE EXPECTED TO HOLD ON?

HOW LONG? DAY AFTER DAY WENT BY AND STILL NO RELIEF FORCE SHOWED UP. EVERYTHING ABOUT OPERATION "MARKET GARDEN" WAS GOING WRONG -- EXCEPT THE MAGNIFICENT COURAGE OF THE AIRBORNE TROOPS.

ROY'S MEN FOUGHT ON AS LONG AS THEIR AMMO LASTED. THEN —

I'VE CHECKED THIS
ARMOURED CAR AND IT STILL
GOES. IT'LL TAKE US TO
OOSTERBEEK, TO THE REST
OF THE DIVISION.

YOU'RE BONKERS! WE'D
NEVER MAKE IT. WE'LL SAVE
OURSELVES A LOT OF GRIEF IF
WE SURRENDER HERE AND
NOW.



BELLAMY'S WAS THE ONLY VOICE OF PROTEST SO HE RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO
COME WITH THE OTHERS.



DODGING THE CIRCLING NAZIS, ROY HEADED FOR OOSTERBEEK. THE PLACE WAS UNDER FIRE, BUT THE ARMoured CAR SWEEPED PAST THE SURPRISED GERMANS WHO WERE BESIEGING IT.



HE PULLED UP A SHORT DISTANCE FROM OOSTERBEEK.



BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW OOSTERBEEK HAD BEEN EVACUATED. THE REMNANTS OF THE GALLANT AIRBORNE DIVISION HAD BEEN QUIETLY FERRIED TO SAFETY ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY THE TIME THEY LEARNED OF THE
WITHDRAWAL, THE LAST BOAT HAD
GONE.

I'LL FLASH A MESSAGE
TO THE OTHER SIDE WITH
MY TORCH. THEY MAY
SEND A BOAT.



BELLAMY SNORTED.

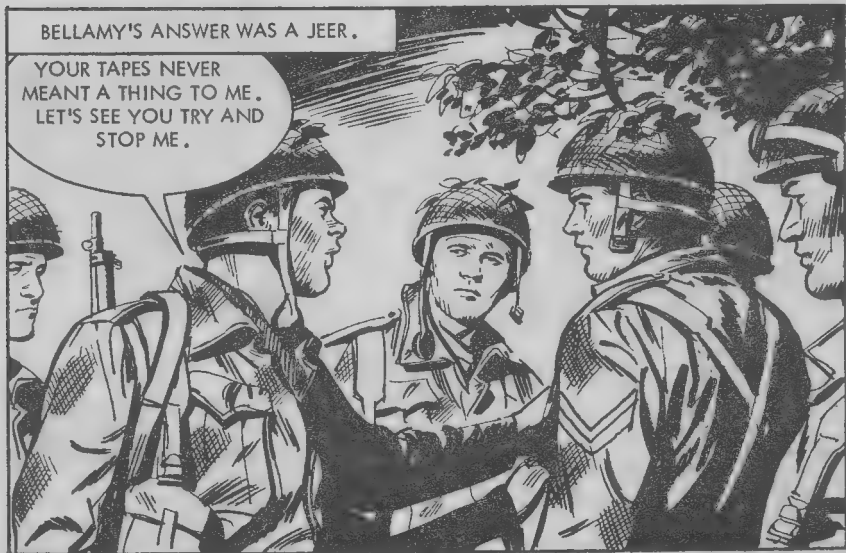
I SPOTTED SOME
JERRIES DOWN-RIVER
WHEN THE MOON BROKE
THROUGH THE CLOUDS.
I'M TURNING MYSELF
IN.



YOU'LL STAY HERE
WITH US. AND THAT'S
AN ORDER!

BELLAMY'S ANSWER WAS A JEER.

YOUR TAPES NEVER
MEANT A THING TO ME.
LET'S SEE YOU TRY AND
STOP ME.



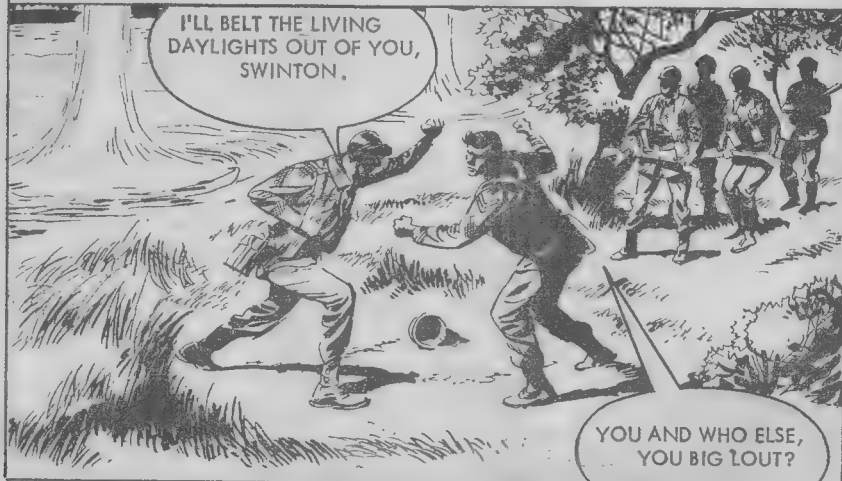
ROY SWUNG AND MISSED. NEXT INSTANT HE REELED TO A PULVERISING BLOW.



HE SHOOK HIS HEAD, SAW A GRINNING FACE AND LASHED OUT. THIS TIME HIS FIST SLAMMED HOME.



A FANTASTIC PUNCH-UP FOLLOWED, FOUGHT AMID THE SAVAGE TUMULT OF AN ARTILLERY-DUEL.



IT WAS SPEED AND SKILL VERSUS BRUTE STRENGTH. THE OUTCOME WAS IN THE BALANCE WHEN A MORTAR-BOMB ENDED THE FIST FIGHT.



ROY AND BELLAMY WERE CAUGHT UP IN A STAMPEDE. AS THEY REACHED THE RIVER-BANK ANOTHER BOMB FELL CLOSE.



THE FLASH OF THE BOMB WAS ROY'S LAST VIVID IMPRESSION BEFORE THE SHOCK-WAVE HURLED THEM ALL INTO THE RIVER.



ONE OF THE SQUAD WAS DEAD BEFORE HE HIT THE WATER. OTHERS COLLECTED THEIR WITS AND BEGAN TO SWIM, BUT NOT ROY.



THE MOON WAS OBSCURED AGAIN. SUDDENLY BUTCH COLLIDED WITH THE UNCONCIOUS ROY.

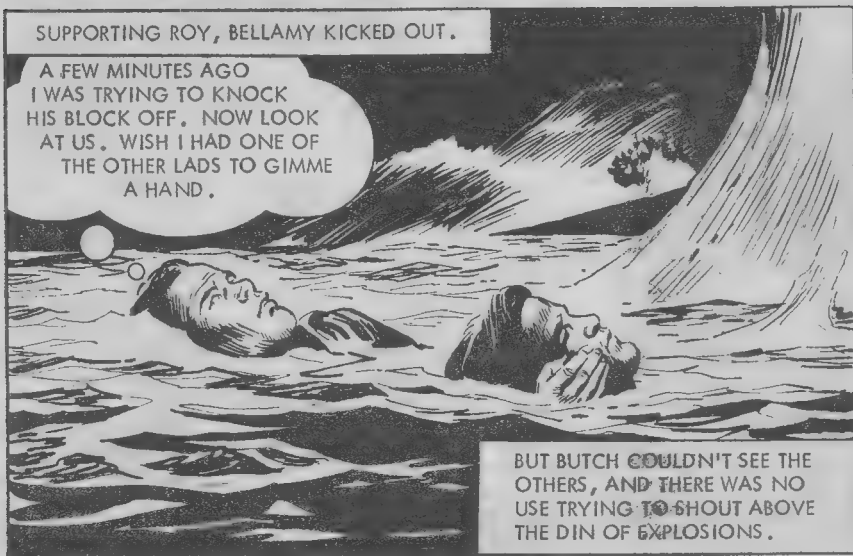


A TINY GLIMMER OF MOONLIGHT SHOWED ROY'S FACE CLEARLY.



SUPPORTING ROY, BELLAMY KICKED OUT.

A FEW MINUTES AGO I WAS TRYING TO KNOCK HIS BLOCK OFF. NOW LOOK AT US. WISH I HAD ONE OF THE OTHER LADS TO GIMME A HAND.



BUT BUTCH COULDN'T SEE THE OTHERS, AND THERE WAS NO USE TRYING TO SHOUT ABOVE THE DIN OF EXPLOSIONS.

THE RIVER'S CURRENT WOULD HAVE TAXED A WORLD-CLASS SWIMMER, AND IT BEAT BELLAMY. HE FINISHED UP DOWN-STREAM ON THE WRONG BANK OF A WIDE BEND.

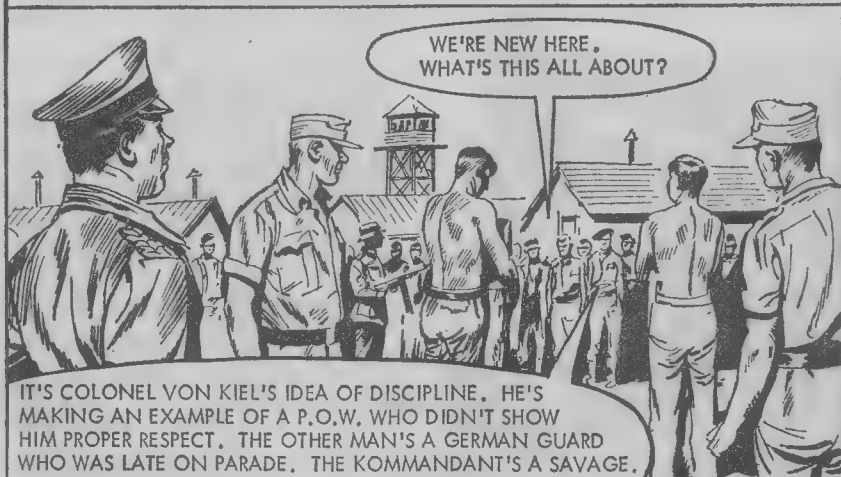


WHEN ROY CAME ROUND, OTHERS OF HIS SQUAD WHO HAD BEEN DEFEATED BY THE CURRENT WERE ALSO PRISONERS.



ROY HAD NO IDEA BELLAMY HAD SAVED HIM. HE THOUGHT THE CURRENT HAD WASHED HIM ASHORE.

A WEEK LATER THEY WERE INMATES OF A BIG PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP IN SOUTH GERMANY, THE CAMP COMMANDED BY VON KIEL.



THE MERCILESS FLOGGING WAS CARRIED OUT. IT MADE THE ONLOOKERS BLOOD RUN COLD TO SEE IT.



THE VICTIMS WERE CUT DOWN, MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE.



THE NAZI COLONEL STOPPED SHORT. HIS GLANCE HAD COME TO REST ON BELLAMY, AND HE SHOWED SUDDEN INTEREST.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

BELLAMY, GENERAL.

"GENERAL"...HE KNOWS DASHED FINE THE BRUTE'S ONLY A COLONEL. HE'S TRYING TO BUTTER HIM UP.

IN THE FOLLOWING WEEKS BELLAMY AND VON KIEL BECAME QUITE FRIENDLY.

VON KIEL IS ALMOST FRIENDLY TO BELLAMY. WHY?

THEY'RE THE SAME TYPE — BULLIES.

JOHNSON MADE A HALF-HEARTED ATTEMPT TO SAY SOMETHING IN BUTCH'S FAVOUR.

WELL, I DON'T THINK HE COULD EVER BE AS VICIOUS AS VON KIEL. AND BELLAMY TOLD ME HE SAVED YOU FROM DROWNING.

AND YOU BELIEVED HIM? HE WOULDN'T LIFT A FINGER TO HELP ME. I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO FLOAT ASHORE.

THEY SOON CHANGED THE SUBJECT. BOTH WERE HELPING DIG AN ESCAPE TUNNEL WHICH WAS NEARLY FINISHED.

WHILE THE WAR RAGED ON, THE PRISONERS SUFFERED UNDER VON KIEL'S RULE. THEN THE DAY BEFORE THE BREAK WAS DUE...

LOOK WHAT ARRIVED FROM THE RED CROSS. VON KIEL WASN'T GOING TO DISH OUT ANY OF IT, BUT I PERSUADED HIM TO LET US HAVE THIS.

A RUGBY BALL! COME ON, LADS — OUTSIDE AND ORGANISE A GAME.

EAGERLY THEY GOT A PITCH MARKED OUT AND PUT UP MAKESHIFT GOALS.

IT'S MONTHS SINCE
I'VE EVEN SEEN A RUGBY
BALL. BACK HOME OUR TEAM
WERE DISTRICT CHAMPIONS.



ROY WOULD HAVE BEEN LESS KEEN TO PLAY IF HE COULD HAVE READ BELLAMY'S MIND.

FANCIES HIMSELF, EH?
WAIT TILL I'VE SENT HIM TO
THE CLEANERS. I'M GOING
TO ENJOY THIS.



THE GAME STARTED. A PASSING MOVEMENT DEVELOPED AND THE BALL WAS SLUNG TOWARDS ROY.



ROY CAUGHT THE PASS AND MANAGED TO GET RID OF THE BALL JUST BEFORE A HUMAN BATTERING-RAM HIT HIM.

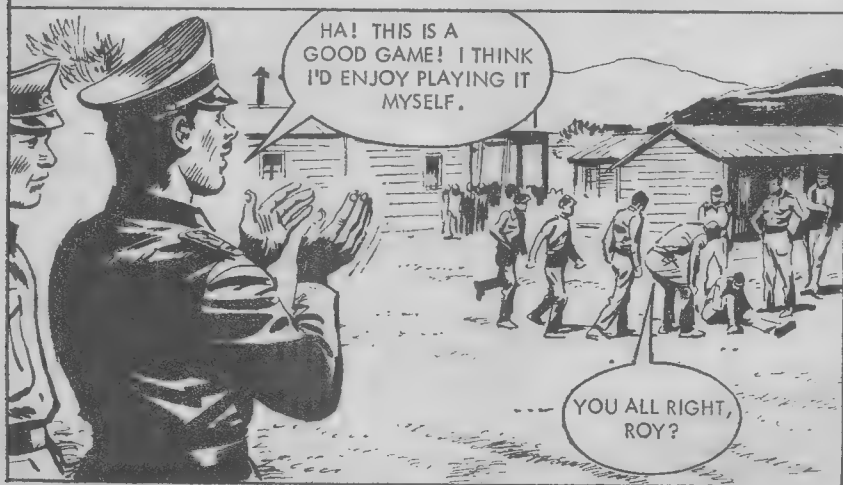


IT WAS THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF HEAVY TACKLES FROM BELLAMY THAT ROY HAD TO ENDURE.

BUTCH DID NOT CHANGE HIS TACTICS. LATER IN THE GAME HE STOPPED A FOOT RUSH WITH A DELIBERATE FOUL.



THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN PRESENT WHO SAW NOTHING WRONG WITH BELLAMY'S PERFORMANCE.



ROY GROANED AN ANSWER. TO GIVE BELLAMY HIS DUE, IT WAS ONE THAT ROUSED A PANG OF CONSCIENCE IN HIM.



VON KIEL'S SHOUT DREW EVERYONE'S ATTENTION TO THE SKY. AIRCRAFT WERE APPROACHING.

THEY'RE YANK FORTRESSES. MUST BE HEADED FOR THE GERMAN ARMY CAMP TEN MILES EAST OF HERE.



NO MISTAKE WAS MADE. THE FLYING FORTRESSES DRONED EASTWARD TO STRIKE AT THE CORRECT TARGET.



ROY WAS HOSPITALISED WITH A SUSPECTED FRACTURE, BUT NEXT DAY HIS HUT-MATES WERE ALLOWED TO VISIT HIM SINGLY.



ROY LOWERED HIS VOICE —

I WON'T BE ABLE TO
MAKE THE BREAK TOMORROW
NIGHT BECAUSE OF BELLAMY.
THAT'S WHAT RILES ME MORE
THAN ANYTHING!



AFTERWARDS, OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL —

I TRIED TO TELL HIM
YOU'D A FOOD PARCEL
FOR HIM BUT HE DIDN'T
WANT TO KNOW.



I NEVER MEANT TO
CRIPPLE HIM. THAT'S
THE GOSPEL TRUTH.

BUTCH WAS GENUINELY SORRY, BUT
ROY WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT.

THE FOLLOWING EVENING, IN THE HUT OCCUPIED BY ROY'S MATES ...



I'VE JUST SEEN THE ESCAPE
COMMITTEE. TONIGHT'S THE
NIGHT ALL RIGHT. HECK,
I WISH ROY COULD GO WITH
US. HE'LL BE EATING HIS
HEART OUT.

BELLAMY SPOKE UP GRUFFLY.

YOU BLOKES SEEM TO THINK IT'S GREAT TO BREAK-OUT. AIN'T YOU HEARD WHAT HAPPENED TO FIFTY R.A.F. BOYS WHO TRIED IT? THEY WERE SHOT. ANYWAY THE WAR'S NEARLY OVER.

WE CAN'T BE SURE OF THAT, OR WHAT VON KIEL MIGHT DO BEFORE IT ENDS. THERE'S UGLY RUMOURS GOING AROUND.

DUSK DEEPENED TO DARKNESS. SOON AFTER NIGHTFALL THE NOISE OF AIRCRAFT WAS HEARD.

MORE ALLIED RAIDS. KILL THE SEARCHLIGHT. YOU KNOW THE KOMMANDANT'S ORDERS — DON'T DRAW ATTENTION TO THIS CAMP WHEN RAIDERS APPROACH.

HE'S A FOOL. IF THE SEARCHLIGHTS KEPT UP THEIR GROUND-SWEEPS THE ENEMY PILOTS WOULD KNOW THIS WAS A PRISON CAMP. BUT WHO AM I TO QUESTION THE ORDERS OF THAT SCHWEINHUND, VON KIEL?

EVERY SEARCHLIGHT IN STALAG 13 BLINKED OUT, BUT AS THE LEADING AIRCRAFT FLEW OVER...



HIMMEL! THE ENEMY PILOTS THINK THIS IS THE WEHRMACHT CAMP. YOU WERE RIGHT, FRANZ. OUR KOMMANDANT'S A FOOL AS WELL AS A PIG.

THE FIRST BOMBS MISSED THE PRISON-CAMP. THE NEXT STICK STRADDLED A BROAD SECTOR OF IT.



VON KIEL'S QUARTERS HAVE BEEN HIT!

THE ERROR MUST HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED QUICKLY, FOR THE BOMBING CEASED ABRUPTLY AND THE PLANES FLEW ON.



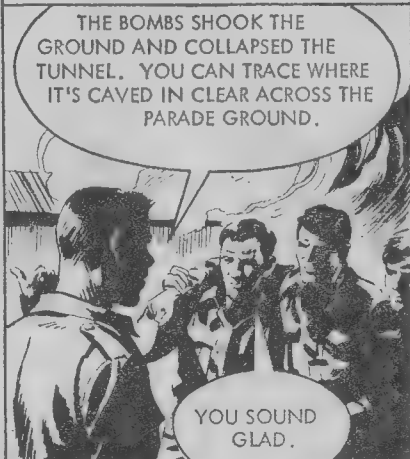
MAJOR LANZE WAS VON KIEL'S SECOND-IN-COMMAND — A HUMANE OFFICER WHO HAD LOST AN ARM IN NORMANDY.



THE PRISONERS WILLINGLY HELPED AND ROY WAS THE FIRST CONCERN OF HIS OWN HUT-MATES.



BUT THERE WAS TO BE NO ESCAPE THAT NIGHT. BELLAMY MET THEM WITH THE BAD NEWS.



BUT THEN VON KIEL RAN INTO VIEW, HIS UNIFORM ABLAZE.



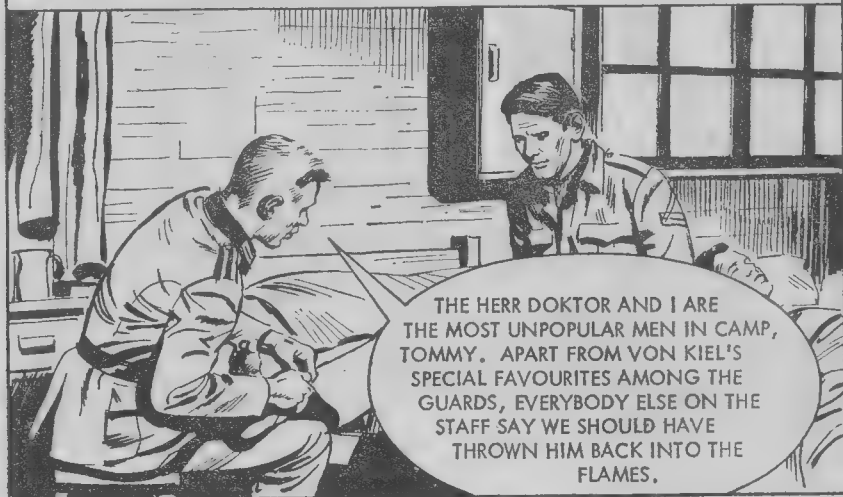
A GERMAN MEDICAL OFFICER TOOK CARE OF VON KIEL.



HIS WHISKERS BURNED OFF HIS BLISTERED FACE, HIS LEGS PEPPERED WITH BOMB-FRAGMENTS, VON KIEL FELL FLAT,



FEW REJOICED OVER THE KOMMANDANT'S SURVIVAL, AS ROY LEARNED NEXT MORNING FROM A FRIENDLY ORDERLY.



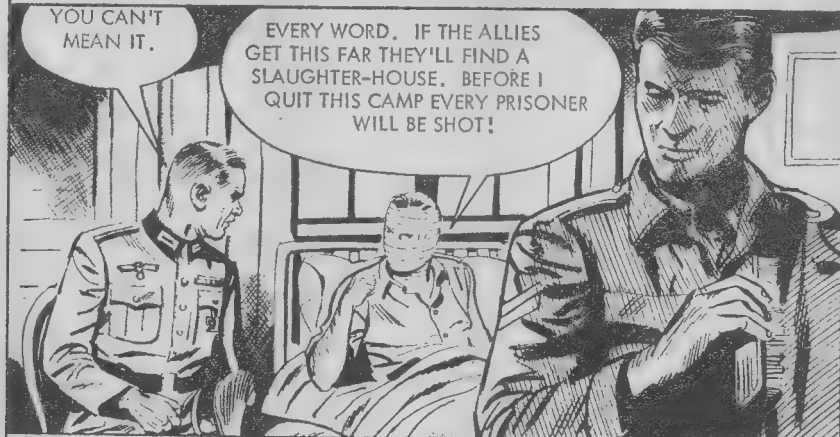
VON KIEL WAS TAKEN AWAY FOR TREATMENT, BUT A FORTNIGHT LATER HE WAS BACK. AND IN THAT TIME ROY HAD A NEW JOB.



IT WAS TO BE A THANKLESS TASK, HOBBLING AROUND AT VON KIEL'S BECK AND CALL. BUT ROY KEPT HIS SPIRITS UP. HE KNEW THAT THE WAR WAS GOING BADLY FOR THE GERMANS.



FOR THE NAZIS THE OUTLOOK GREW DARKER AND DARKER AS TIME WENT BY. THEN ONE DAY HE OVERHEARD MAJOR LANZE AND VON KIEL TALKING.



ROY HAD PICKED UP ENOUGH GERMAN TO UNDERSTAND A FEW WORDS.



ALREADY THE ALLIES WERE OVER THE FRONTIER. SOON DISTANT GUNFIRE WAS HEARD. MEANWHILE VON KIEL MADE PROGRESS.

AT LAST, THE UNVEILING.
NOW WE SHALL SEE WHETHER THE
TREATMENT FOR THESE BURNS
HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL.

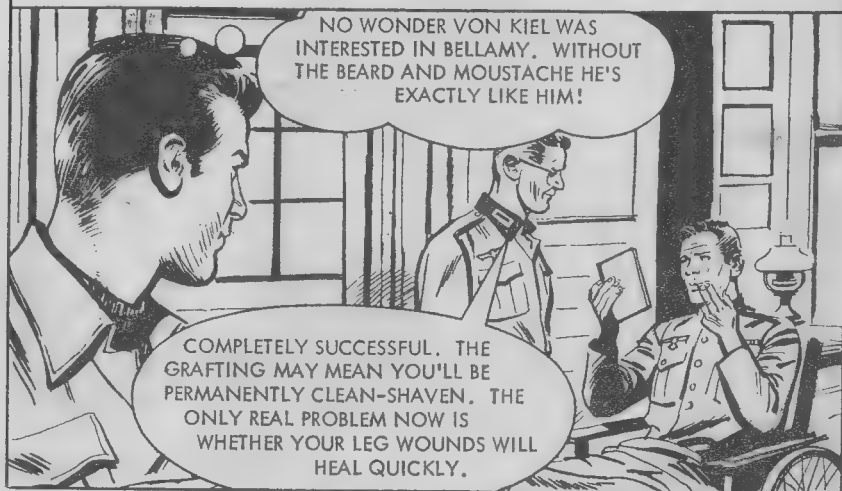


ROY RETURNED WITH FRESH SHEETS A FEW MINUTES LATER. HE WAS IN FOR A STAGGERING SHOCK.

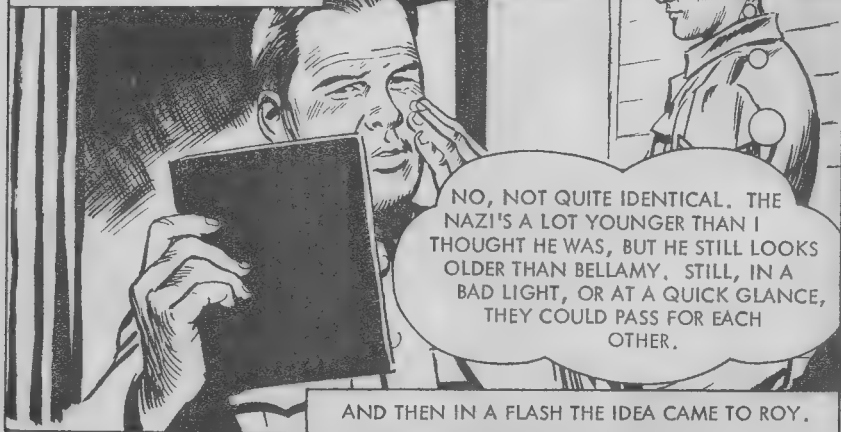
YE GODS! IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE!



VON KIEL'S FACE WAS UNSCARRED, YET THAT WAS NOT WHY ROY WAS ASTOUNDED.



THE YOUNG CORPORAL KEPT ON STARING. VON KIEL AND BUTCH BELLAMY SEEMED IDENTICAL.



BUT WOULD BELLAMY AGREE? THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO ANSWER THAT. BUTCH WAS SENT FOR, AND THE SITUATION EXPLAINED TO HIM.

WELL, YOU'VE
HEARD THE PROPOSITION,
BELLAMY. HOW ABOUT IT?

IF I'M FOUND
OUT I'LL BE SHOT.

IF YOU DON'T
DO IT, WE'LL ALL BE
SHOT!

I'VE HEARD THAT. IT'S BEEN
GOING THE ROUNDS ON THE GRAPE-
VINE FOR A LONG WHILE, BUT IT'S
ONLY A RUMOUR.

IT'S NO RUMOUR. VON
KIEL SAID IT HIMSELF. BUT
WHAT'S THE USE? YOU HAVEN'T
THE GUTS TO DO IT.

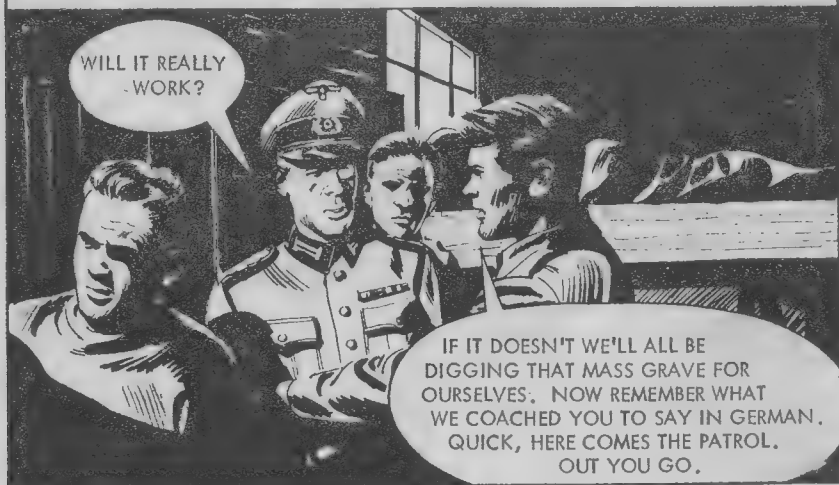
BUTCH WENT BEETROOT-RED, AND FOR A MINUTE OR SO AN INNER STRUGGLE WAS REFLECTED IN HIS FACE. THEN...



TWO DAYS ELAPSED BEFORE THE NEXT STEP IN THE ESCAPE-PLAN COULD BE TAKEN.



ROY STAYED WITH HIS MATES TO HELP ORGANISE THE FIRST PART OF THE PLAN WHICH INVOLVED DRESSING BELLAMY IN VON KIEL'S UNIFORM.



THE NIGHT PATROL WAS A ROUTINE CHECK-UP ON ALL HUTS, TONIGHT MAJOR LANZE WAS IN CHARGE OF IT.



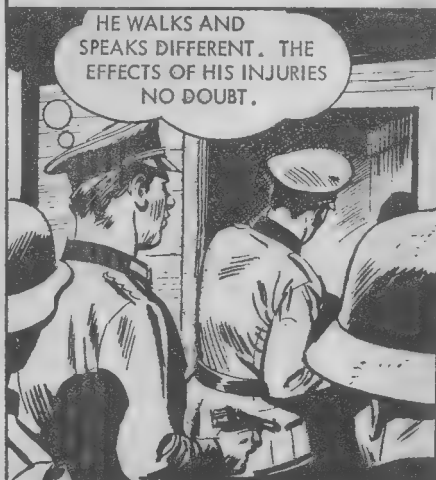
BUTCH HELD HIS BREATH, WONDERING FEARFULLY WHETHER HIS LIKENESS TO VON KIEL WOULD PASS THE CRUCIAL TEST.

HE WAS SPEEDILY REASSURED, AND SAID IN GERMAN WHAT ROY HAD TOLD HIM TO SAY.



SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS IS GOING ON IN THIS HUT. FOLLOW ME AND GIVE ME THAT SCHMEISSER.

LANZE AND THE PATROL TROOPED AFTER HIM.



HE WALKS AND SPEAKS DIFFERENT. THE EFFECTS OF HIS INJURIES NO DOUBT.

THEY ENTERED THE HUT. NEXT SECOND LANZE WAS BLINKING INTO THE SCHMEISSER'S MUZZLE.



DON'T DO ANYTHING DAFT, MAJOR. YOU'RE A DECENT BLOKE AND WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO COME TO ANY HARM. BUT YOU WILL IF YOU FORCE BELLAMY'S HAND.

BELLAMY — THIS IS NOT THE KOMMANDANT? MEIN GOTT! NOW I REALISE...

LANZE TOLD HIS MEN TO SUBMIT. THE PRISONERS CHANGED UNIFORMS AND LEFT THE GERMANS BOUND AND GAGGED.



AND A FEW SECONDS LATER BUTCH STAMPED INTO THE GUARDHOUSE.



THE GUARD-COMMANDER AND HIS SUBORDINATES SPRANG TO ATTENTION...AND IN WALKED ROY.



THERE WAS NO RESISTANCE. THE GERMANS WERE TOO AMAZED.

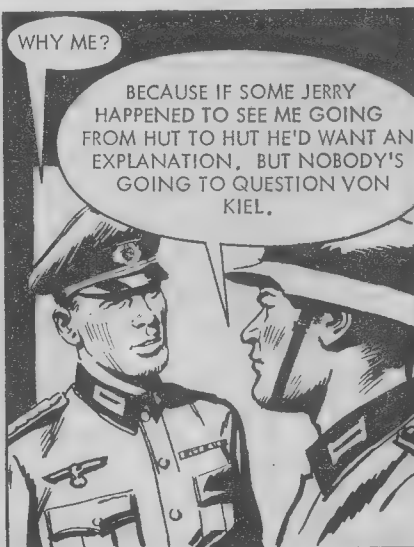
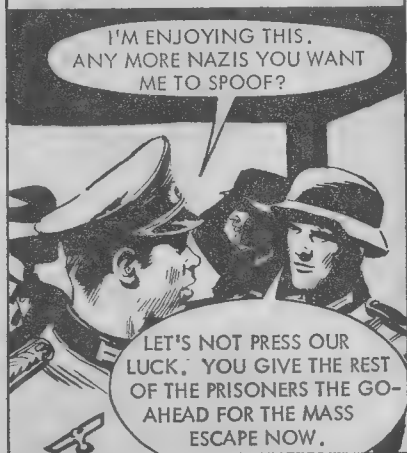
THE LADS TOOK THE TWO GATE SENTRIES BY SURPRISE. NOT A SQUEAK OUT OF EITHER OF THEM.



SHORTLY AFTER, ON THE NORTH-WEST TOWER, TWO LOOK-OUTS SAW WHAT SEEMED TO BE AN UNMISTAKABLE FIGURE.



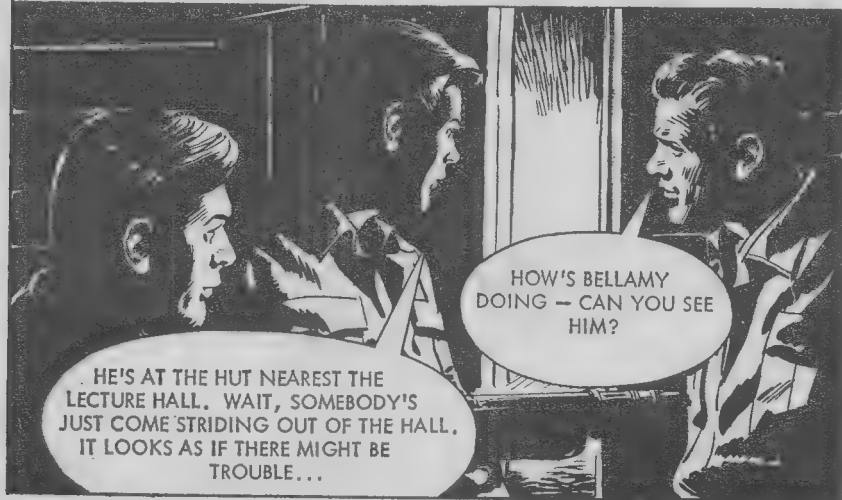
THEY WERE COMPLETELY FOOLED AND
TIED UP AS WERE THEIR COMRADES ON
THE OTHER TOWER.



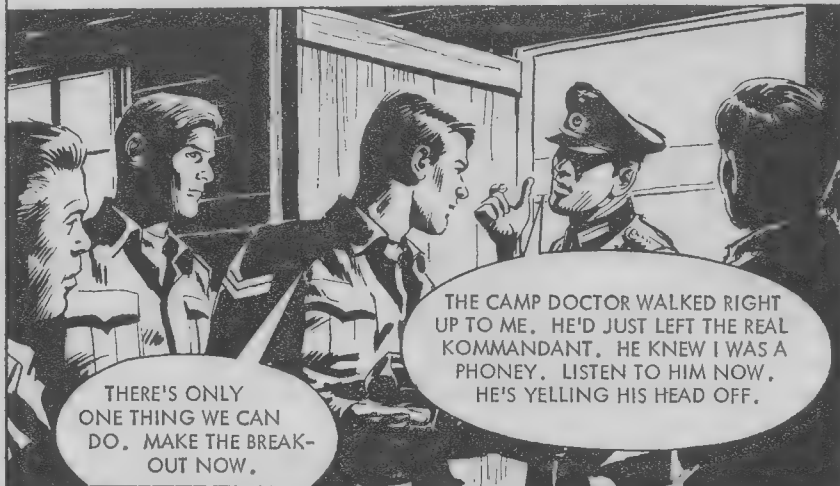
WHILE BUTCH WAS GOING THE ROUNDS, ROY AND HIS PALS RETURNED TO THEIR HUT.



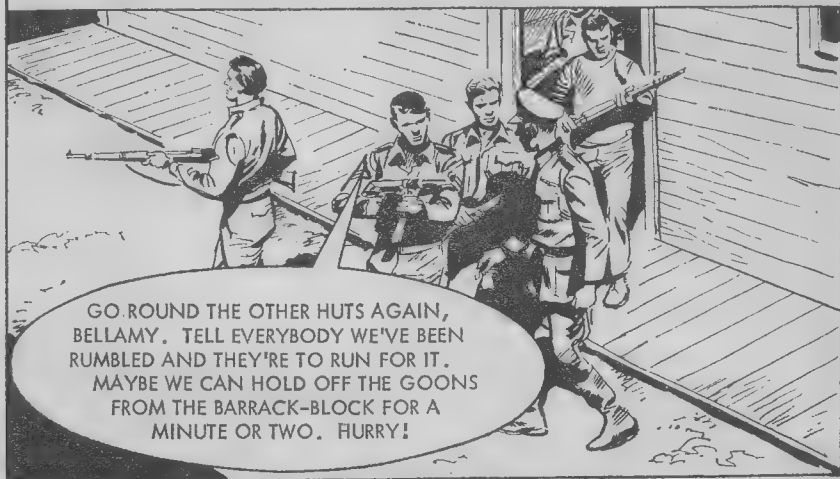
THEY CHANGED, AND WHEN THEY HAD DONE SO THEY GATHERED AT THE DOOR.



THERE WAS A SHOUT, A SCUFFLE, A POUNDING OF FEET...AND SUDDENLY BUTCH WAS IN THE DOORWAY.



ANOTHER MAN MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT ONLY OF HIMSELF AND HIS OWN CRONIES, BUT NOT ROY.



BUTCH SPED OFF, SOUNDING THE ALARM, AND SOON MEN WERE STREAMING FROM THE HUTS.



THE FIRST OF THE GUARDS FROM THE BARRACK BLOCK SWUNG INTO VIEW, AND WERE MET BY A WITHERING VOLLEY.



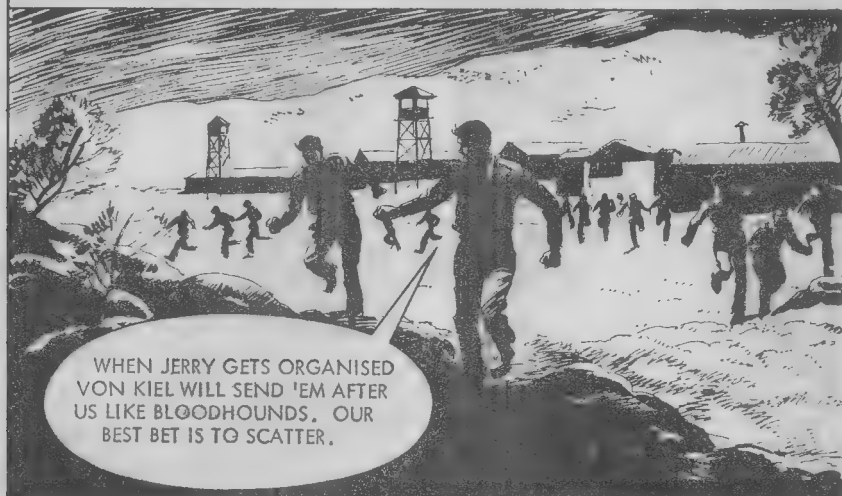
CAREFUL THOUGH THEY WERE, THEY COULD ONLY STAY IN ACTION A MATTER OF MINUTES AGAINST THE EVER-INCREASING ODDS.



A FINAL BLATTER OF FIRE, AND ROY AND HIS PARTY TOOK TO THEIR HEELS.

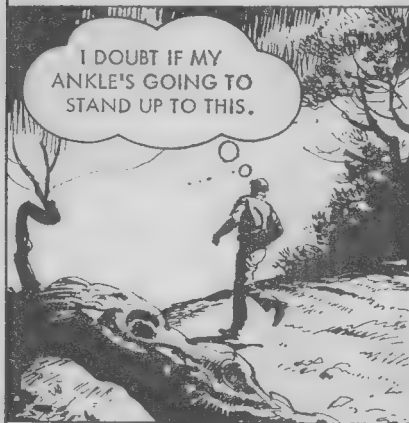


THEY RACED FROM THE CAMP, WEST TOWARDS THE SOUND OF HEAVY GUNFIRE.



WHEN JERRY GETS ORGANISED
VON KIEL WILL SEND 'EM AFTER
US LIKE BLOODHOUNDS. OUR
BEST BET IS TO SCATTER.

ROY HAD A PRIVATE REASON FOR
SUGGESTING THEY SHOULD SPLIT UP.



I DOUBT IF MY
ANKLE'S GOING TO
STAND UP TO THIS.

HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE A HINDRANCE
TO THE OTHERS.

HE LASTED TWO MILES BEFORE HIS
ANKLE GAVE IN.



IT'S NO USE.
I'M THROUGH —
FINISHED.

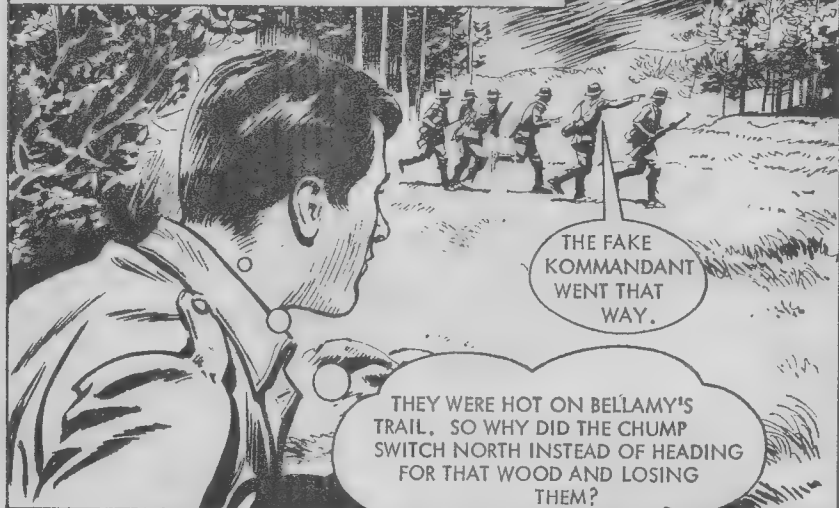
A MOVEMENT NEARBY MADE HIM TURN HIS HEAD.



FOR A MOMENT BELLAMY APPEARED TO HESITATE — BEFORE RUNNING OFF TO THE NORTH.



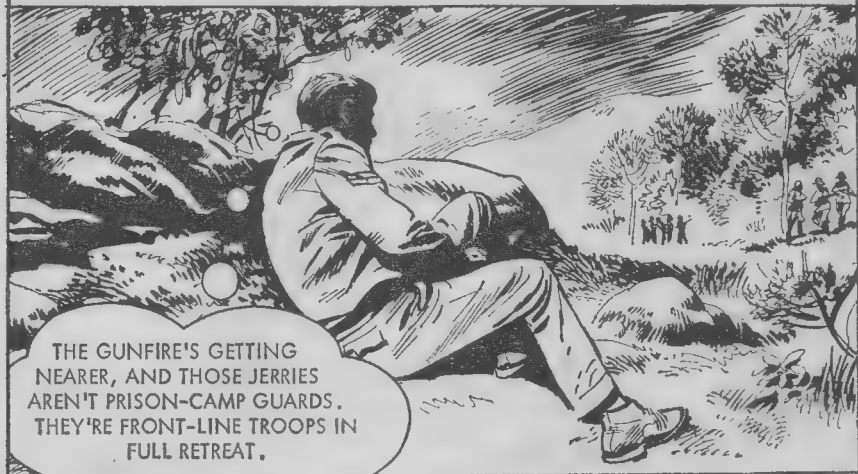
BUT NOW GUTTURAL SHOUTS REACHED ROY'S EARS.



THE ANSWER CAME TO HIM LIKE A THUNDERBOLT.

A black and white comic panel. It is a close-up of a man's face. He has short dark hair and is looking slightly to the right. He is wearing a light-colored jacket. A speech bubble from him contains the text: "HE DID IT FOR ME! HE KNEW IF HE WENT STRAIGHT ON JERRY WOULD FIND ME. I'VE MISJUDGED THE POOR BLIGHTER. HE REALLY WAS SORRY FOR CRACKING MY ANKLE. WHAT'S MORE, HE PROBABLY DID SAVE ME FROM DROWNING."

HE WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS BUTCH WAS RECAPTURED AND LED BACK TO THE CAMP AND CERTAIN DEATH. THEN OTHER GERMANS SHOWED UP — BUT FROM THE WEST.



SICK WITH FATIGUE AND PAIN, ROY FAINED SOON AFTER. WHEN HE WOKE IT WAS DAY. HE LOOKED AROUND IN AMAZEMENT.



THERE WERE SOME OTHER AMERICANS IN THE AREA, BUT THE ENEMY TANK WAS PINNING THEM DOWN.

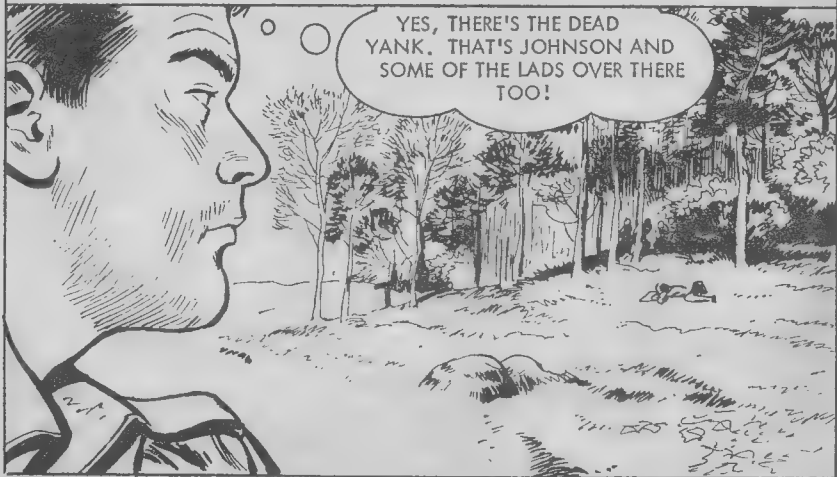
WHY DON'T YOU
USE YOUR BAZOOKA?

I USED MY ONLY BOMB
TO BLAST OFF ITS TRACK. MY
BUDDY WAS CARRYING THE
OTHERS AND HE'S DEAD BACK
THERE — RIGHT IN THE
TANK'S LINE OF FIRE.



ROY GLANCED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE THICKETS — AND SAW HE WAS NOT THE ONLY BRITON PRESENT.

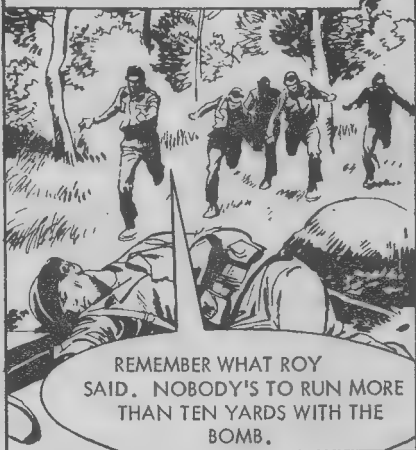
YES, THERE'S THE DEAD
YANK. THAT'S JOHNSON AND
SOME OF THE LADS OVER THERE
TOO!



THE SIGHT OF HIS PALS SPARKED OFF AN IDEA.



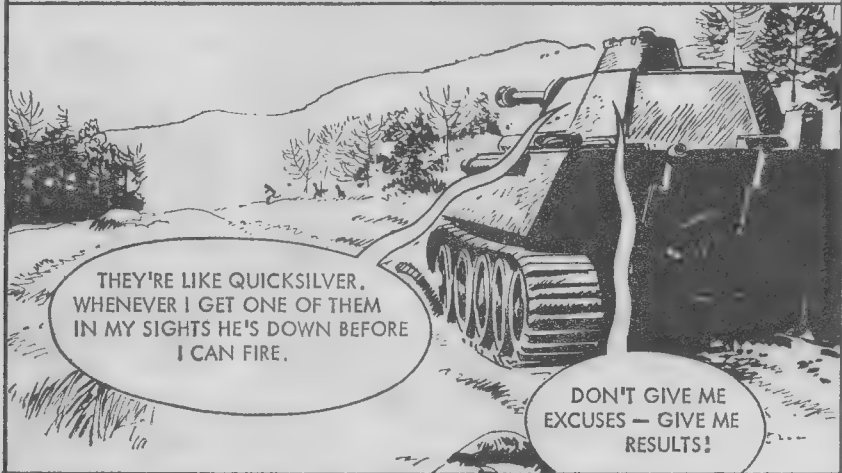
ROY SHOUTED INSTRUCTIONS. JOHNSON AND HIS MATES LISTENED CAREFULLY, AND WERE QUICK TO OBEY.



GRABBING A BOMB FROM THE SACK THE DEAD YANK HAD CARRIED, JOHNSON RAN LIKE A HARE.



AND SO IT WENT ON — ROY'S LADS PLAYING THE RUGBY GAME OF THEIR LIVES, BEATING DEATH BY INCHES AND SPLIT-SECOND TIMING.



THEY'RE LIKE QUICKSILVER.
WHenever I GET ONE OF THEM
IN MY SIGHTS HE'S DOWN BEFORE
I CAN FIRE.

DON'T GIVE ME
EXCUSES — GIVE ME
RESULTS!

THEN CAME A LUCKY GUESS ON THE GERMAN GUNNER'S PART — AND DISASTER.



UUUUUGH!

HE MANAGED TO LOB IT BEFORE HE WAS HIT AGAIN.

AAH! FIRST THE LEGS, NOW ME FLAMING ARM.



THE BOMB DROPPED PLUMB INTO ROY'S WAITING HANDS. IT HAD ONE MORE STAGE TO TRAVEL.

YOU'RE BACK IN BUSINESS, YANK.



THE BAZOOKA WAS HURRIEDLY LOADED. THE AMERICAN TOOK STEADY AIM DESPITE A GUST OF BULLETS..



IT WAS A PERFECT SHOT, HITTING WHERE THE TURRET MET THE HULL.

THE PANZER BREWED UP. GRATEFUL G.I.'s ROSE FROM THE GRASS.

MAN, THAT WAS SOME
FOOTBALL GAME YOU GUYS
PLAYED THERE!

OK, NOW YOU CAN DO US
A FAVOUR. GET ME TO THE PRISON
CAMP A FEW MILES EAST OF HERE.
WE COULD STILL BE IN TIME TO SAVE
A MATE OF MINE.

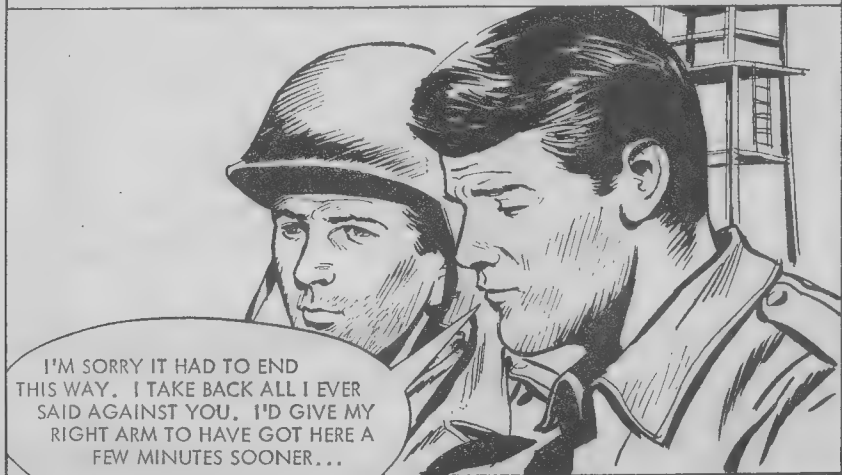
NO TIME WAS WASTED, YET THEY WERE STILL SOME DISTANCE FROM THE STALAG
WHEN A VOLLEY RANG OUT.

DID YOU HEAR
THAT? WE'RE TOO
LATE.

THEY REACHED THE PRISON-CAMP TO FIND THE GUARDS HAD FLED, LEAVING THE BULLET-RIDDLED BODY OF THE FIRING-SQUAD'S VICTIM.



ROY GULPED. WHEN HE WAS ABLE TO SPEAK HIS VOICE WAS CHOKED WITH EMOTION.



THE DYING MAN TRIED TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT IT WAS NOT FROM HIM THAT THE NEXT WORDS CAME.



ROY TWISTED ROUND AND STARED INTO THE GRINNING FACE OF BUTCH BELLAMY, LARGE AS LIFE.



THE GUARDS HAD SETTLED A SCORE WITH A MAN THEY HATED. FOR A MOMENT ROY WAS SILENT, THEN HE GAVE A BELLOW.



AND YOU LET ME COME OUT
WITH ALL THAT TEAR-JERKING STUFF!
WHY, YOU THUMPING GREAT
CLOT...

WATCH IT, OR I'LL FILL
YOU IN, TAPES OR NO TAPES.
THERE AIN'T ONE BLOKE I
COULDN'T LICK WITH
ONE HAND...

THEN SUDDENLY THEY STOPPED
TALKING, STARED AT EACH OTHER,
AND BURST OUT LAUGHING. AND
FROM THAT DAY ON, ALTHOUGH
THEY HADN'T A GOOD WORD TO
SAY FOR EACH OTHER, EVERY
INSULT WAS THROWN WITH A GRIN!

 **Commando**
THE END

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WAR BIRDS OF THE WORLD



FIN FLASH



WINGS & FUSELAGE



BLACK RED



YELLOW

CM 170 MAGISTER.

SEEN here in the markings of the Federal German Air Force are three Potez CM 170 Magister trainers. Originally a French design, the Magister is used by France, Germany and five other countries for basic fighter-pilot training. The tandem cockpit takes a crew of two, with the pupil sitting in front, and power comes from two Turbomeca Marbore turbojet engines.

Two machine-guns are fitted in the nose, and additional armament can be carried externally. Typical loads include two 110 lb. bombs, two Nord guided missiles, thirty-six 37 mm. rockets, or four 55 lb. air-to-ground rockets.

Wing-tip fuel tanks are often carried, as shown in the picture above.

MISSION OF NO RETURN

TWICKENHAM, Murrayfield or Cardiff Arms Park would have cheered them to the echo for their accurate passing. But it wasn't a rugby ball the paratroopers passed to each other as they dashed across the German line of fire. It was a deadly bazooka shell – and they weren't playing just to add a few points to a score – but for their very lives...



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No.
488

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WAR STORIES IN PICTURES

MISSION OF NO RETURN



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